

champion of Christianity, Chateaubriand, and  
remember the  
many *liaisons* of his married life; take that  
great deist,  
Victor Hugo, also a married man, and with no  
such excuse  
as Chateaubriand and Zola may have had, and  
remember his  
long connection with Madame Juliette Drouet.  
And as ex-  
amples of moral laxity among men outside the  
matrimonial  
pale, take Alfred de Musset and both the  
Dumas, partic-  
ularly the elder. Old Parisians, like the writer,  
will re-  
member the day in or about 1869 when  
even the  
boulevards were scandalised by the sight which  
confronted  
oae and all in the windows of every shop where  
photographs  
were sold. There was the portrait of the  
prince of roman-  
cers with Adah Isaacs Menken, the circus-  
rider, seated, in  
her fleshings, on his knees, her arms cast  
lovingly about his  
neck. Happily in the afternoon the son  
appeared upon the  
scene and carried off all such photographs  
that he could  
find, and thereupon Paris, which had been  
laughing a porno-  
graphic laugh, applauded him, recalling the  
story of Japhet  
and Ms father Noah.

But it is not only men who have thrust the  
moral law  
aside. The lives of George Eliot and others  
are known to  
us. They were as nothing beside that of  
George Sand, who  
in the matter of her private life was perhaps  
the nearest  
approach to Byron to be found among female  
writers. She  
passed from Baron Dudevant, her husband, to

Jules Sandeau,  
then to M<sup>r</sup>rimfe, then to Musset, then to  
Pagello, then to  
Michel de Bourges, then to Pierre Leroux, then  
to Chopin,  
and at last to Manceau, the engraver, those  
passions being  
interspersed with platonic interludes with  
Lamennais and  
liszt Yet Emerson,<sup>tc</sup> one of the purest of men,  
dwelt on  
the rare and beautiful sentiment that runs  
through George